Magnificent Interview

Killah Priest

I started as the heretic
Passing Mount Everest
On my way to the nebulas
No food or beverages
So I can receive the messages
Like tornadoes spinning soundless in the boundness
I sit in darkness, listen to the silence
Dark fantasies, whispers of the mermaid
As the earth fades, I'm having nostalgic dreams
Of foothills in the countryside, palace for kings
Below is lakes, banks, rivers, foliage near streams
Mongolian queens, earrings, hair swings
Red deer, courtship ceremony beneath mountain springs
Horse whip races across the evergreen
Alluvium forests, Natufian fathers, nutrient gardens, Nubian harvest
Along the river delta, sit the living elders, the sister helpers
Winter coal, pinecones, crystals in limestones
I'm drifting through timezones
Breathtaking mountain backdrops
I am the black astronaut
Staring through the eye of a barrel when it's cocked
Then went up like an arrow shot like a sparrow
Flying toward the sun, I wear shadow block
Killah Priest OG last long
Underwater sea grass lawns
Hot deserts, I see mass ponds
Birthday wishes, kisses
Long walks through the ballpark
Birds' chirps, dog barks
It's getting cloudy, let's get home before dark
The storm starts
They're closing all the mall shops
Quick, let me run inside this Walmart and buy a Hallmark
It makes warm hearts, like love songs and soft rock
Off top, the group Bread, 1970, “Make It With You”
Celebs, Playboy spreads naked in pools
Then the electric boogaloo and the infectious Rubik's Cube
Then they brought back the groove of 1952
Eddie Jefferson's “Moody's Mood”
There I go, there I go, there I go, there I go
Pretty baby, you are the soul, snaps my control
I bare my soul, I'm aware of my role
So I'm writing rhymes like I'm preparing a scroll
Seductive weapons for romantic wars
I've watched rains suspended in space while planets fall
No church today, I'm at the Spring Street cafe
Bread and truffle entrees
I'm sitting with the devil, we're both having espressos
He wore his favorites summer jacket, bright yellow
His legs crossed, attitude was quite mellow
He said, “Would you be so kind, dark fellow, and hand me a marshmallow?”
We both chuckled
Then I asked, “May you do an interview with me?”
He said, “I'd love to”
I pulled out my recorder, pressed record

I said my name, the time and the date

He said, “Let's just skip forward”
He said, “Well, my name is Lucifer, I'm 5'8'', I love to snowboard
I love quiet nights and going on dates, cafes, and going to local stores”
He said, “I also wrote books, The Origins of Rosicrucianism, Magic Rituals, Origins of God, Advanced Metaphysics, The Life of Killah Priest And Why He Left The Music Business, Brief History on Time Travel, Theology of Star Wars, Tarot Cards, Music Stars and My Inner Peace and How I Found Happiness As The Dark Lord
Then he ordered tea with toast, butter and basil
Just then who walked in was a couple of angels
They ordered broccoli casserole satisfying the soul
Stuffed zucchini, linguini and the carrots "Do you want that sandwich or bowl?”
They handed him gold and said, “I'll take a bowl
And please add some baked spinach,” then glanced at us fake grinning
Nervously I said, “Let's order some yams in pepper cups, wild rice, waters with lemons"
Then one said, “Is that the son of the morning, the son of perdition?”
Then they all disappeared like some sort of magicians
As my waitress brought my order from back of the kitchen
Startled, I looked around as she sat down the dishes
She said, “You ordered a lot, but it looks delicious”
I looked at her suspicious
She asked, “What?” I said, “Nothing,” and started to smile and asked, “What time do you finish?”
She said, “I'm off in a minute,” then we talked with no limits then we walked off the premise into deep thought and dimensions
She morphed into a quartz, I became salt
Dynamic transition, intuition, caduceus, the serpents begin twisting
The brain released a liquid, the tongue begins to flicken
Uncoiling then hissing
Putting ourselves in a presence to an almost claustrophobic degree
Then withdraw completely
Discard then connect with the inner god then put him in charge
Deafened by the silence but comfortable within the loudness
I back up into the branches of the olives like the Wonderland of Alice
To understand the knowledge, the son of man must balance
One hand demolished, the other hand was solid
It's all symbolic, the floors are polished, the doors no blockage
The walls are conscious, all pay homage
All aboard the rocket

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